could feed pigs, or dip a water-dog; but I cannot sit down to my own business without pains in my head and eyes that overcome me in a moment. I cannot draw, I cannot compose, or revise my old MSS., from physical as well as moral causes, and I see no end to my misery.

The papers inform you of all that passes, for I cannot bring myself to have the attention necessary for the perusal of a newspaper.

I will write to Minasi, but his correspondence ceases to give me pleasure, for the subjects he treats of no longer interest me; indeed, " man delights not me, nor woman either." The only idea I can form now, not of happiness, but of quiet existence, is to sit by your side all the time my health and duties do not require absence.

Poor Charles Townley is gone; but I know not what were his religious feelings *in articulo mortis*.

April 16th, 1801.

I will transcribe for you what I remember of Lord Nelson's letters to Lady Hamilton, which she has just been reading to me and

others, as they contain many curious details not in the gazette, and which one may like to refer to at a